

“Sure, Bertie, (one of his pals) don’t I remember them?” he demanded of the boy—Baines is only a trifle more than 20 years old. “Didn’t we read the Craig-Haskin stories together, and remember bit by bit all that was put down in them? Didn’t we live it all over together in this same sleepy ward, disturbing the civilian patients by our riotous joy in those sames tales of what we did and how we did it? Didn’t I say to Bertie here that if you wanted affidavits of the truth of those stories all you needed to do was to come to Ward 7 and get them? And here you are asking me if I remember those fish!

“Now that you’ve spent your good money on railroad fare to pay me this call I’ll tell you that I do remember the fish, and the time I had getting them. It was by the dressing station we were when a coal box—we call ’em that because they’re so dirty—ripped by us,